BRITANNIA's

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15.

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En quo Diſcordia Cives
Perduxit miſeros.——

By the Author of the *Blackbirds Song.*



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BRITANNIA's MEMORIAL.

UPON the fruitful Banks of *Thame*,
Whilst mournfully I Sate,
Britannia to my view appear'd
Lamenting her hard fate.

With

With *Doubts* oppreſt, and mighty *Woe*,
The weeping *Matron* ſtood,
Whilſt the kind *Streams* her Sighs repeat,
In Murmurs from the *Flood*.

The Winds her doleful *Accents* bore,
T'wards that diſtracted *Place*,
Where all the fatal Scenes are lay'd,
To compaſs her *Diſgrace*.

Haſt, haſt, ſays She, you buſie *Waves*,
To yon ſtupendious *Pile*,
And thither bear my ſad *Complaints*,
'Gainſt this ungrateful Iſle.

With Speed unwonted, reach the *Shore*,
Britannia bids you go,
And to the poor oppreſſed Realm,
Her *Grief* and *Danger* ſhow,

And here ſhe ſtruck her Aged Breaſt,
Vain guilty *Sons*, ſays ſhe,
You force your *Ruine* on too faſt,
For me to remedie.

Long, long, alas it cannot be!
Before the angry *God*,
Provok'd by your repeated *Crimes*,
Will reaſſume his Rod.

Black Clouds of *Vengeance* hover round,
And *Juſtice* cries aloud,
Revenge, *Revenge*, *Britannia's Wrongs*
On this *Rebellious Crowd*.

And here again ſhe ſtruck her Breaſt,
Great *God*, ſays ſhe, forbear
For your *Britannia's* ſake a while,
This ſinful *Iſland* ſpare.

Once more I beg you'll give me leave,
With Sorrow to relate,
Thoſe direful *Omen's* that portend,
Britannia's ſpeedy *Fate*.

At this, I nearer to her came,
And as ſhe turn'd about,
Amidſt the *Oſiers* where I ſate,
By chance ſhe ſpy'd me out.

Briton,

Briton, ſays ſhe, if ſuch thou art,
A *Wan'drer* in *Diſtreſs*,
This *Place* is only fit for thoſe,
Whom doleful Thoughts poſſeſs.

If thou art one of that poor few,
Britannia's Wrongs lament,
Here thou in ſilent *Shades* may'ſt ſit,
And give thy Sorrows vent.

And if for that Intent you came,
My *Son* draw nigh and hear,
Britannia's ſad MEMORIAL,
May well deſerve thy *Ear*.

This *Iſle*, whoſe *Name* I long have born,
A Name ſo much ador'd,
Is now become an abject Place,
And ev'ry where abhor'd.

Such MONSTROUS THINGS my *Sons have done*,
The *Authors* of my *Shame*,
That all the petty *Nations* round,
Deſpiſe Britannia's *Name*.

Oh!

Oh! *Britain*, *Britain*, thou that once,
Didſt *Europes Ballance hold*,
How is thy *Reputation* ſunk,
Thy *Glory Bought* and *Sold*.

Honour and Juſtice, *Truth*, *and Right*,
Have quite forſook this *Iſle*,
Whilſt *Faction*, *Pride*, and *Avarice*,
Grow fat upon the *Soil*.

Religion's grown an empty Word,
Which *Fools* or *Knaves* deſpiſe,
And only uſe it as a *Cloake*,
To cheat the *Peoples Eyes*.

Thoſe *formal Saints* who moſt pre-
tend,
Are *Fiends* in *Maſquerade*,
Their *Sanctity* is all *Deſign*,
Mere *Artifice* and *Trade*.

The *Church* is but a word of courſe,
And *Monarchy* the ſame,
And both are only us'd for *Tools*,
To carry on their *Game*.

Nor is their *Kindneſs* to the *Prince*,
But only *Trick* and *Art*,
The *King*, the *King* is in their Mouth,
But COMMONWEALTH's at Heart.

Int'reſt and *Rule* poſſeſs their Souls,
The reſt is all *Deſign*,
Till they both *King*, and *Church*, and
State,
Can ſafely undermine.

Even THOSE that make the loudeſt
noiſe,
And moſt of *Juſtice* boaſt,
Abſtracted from their *ſecret Views*,
Prevaricate the moſt.

Oh *Britton*! has this *Iſle a Man*,
Above the *Power* of *Gain*,
Whom neither *Bribes nor Flatt'ries*,
Nor dire *Ambition* ſtain.

Who ſafely ſteers betwixt *Extreams*,
And boldly ſpeaks his Mind,
Who fears no *Harm* nor knows no *Ill*,
Acts free and unconfind.

Who loves his *King* and *Country* both,
For *King* and *Countrys* ſake,
And has no baſe Siniſter *Aims*,
Nor after *Game* to make.

But is, and ever was the ſame,
And always will be ſo,
Whoſe ſteady Mind no *Turn of State*,
Can ſhake or overthrow.

Britton a few ſuch *gallant Men*,
Would ſtill preſerve the *Iſle*,
Contending *Parties Reunite*,
And Factions *Reconcile*.

Their better *Genius* muſt prevail,
In ſpite of *Party Rage*,
And make *Britannia's Glory* riſe,
In her declining *Age*.

Vertue and *Juſtice* ever were,
And will be ſtill the ſame,
And tho' they're very oft Oppreſt,
At laſt they win the *Game*.

Nor is their *Kindneſs* to the *Prince*,
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At laſt they win the *Game*.

At this she stop'd, then bowing low,
I made this short *Reply*,
None better knows *Britannia*'s Case,
Nor dreads it more than I.

All you are pleas'd to say I find,
By sad Experience true;
I, *Ruine* gath'ring ev'ry where,
With deep *Distraction* View.

Folly and *Vice* gain ground a-pace,
And mightily prevail,
Whilst *Vertue*'s forc'd to hide her Head,
And *Right* and *Justice* fail.

The *Seeds of Discord* daily grow,
And *Faction* spreads so fast,
That 'tis impossible that long,
Britannia's *Peace* can last.

Unless the God of *Providence*,
To whom so much she owes,
As heretofore, in her *Distress*,
Shall timely interpose.

In that vile Town from whence I [came,
I tremble when I tell,
What harden'd *Villains* ſhelter there,
And how ſecure they dwell.

MURDER and INCEST there may find,
A *Patron* and a *Friend*,
And Multitudes audaciouſly,
REBELLION Recommend.

For *Perjury* and breach of *Oathes*,
There's ſome *Religion* plead,
Others for *Bullies*, *Bawds* and *Whores*,
As loudly intercede.

The *Atheiſt* there has *Advocates*,
And *Thieves* and *Cheats* can find,
On all occaſions *Knaves* and *Rogues*,
To vindicate their *Kind*.

There is no *Crime* of any ſort,
Nor *Vice* of any ſize,
But ſome in this enormous Town,
Will own, and *Patronize*.

Nor is the *Country* free from *Guilt*,
A gen'ral *Depravation*,
Infects all *Orders* and *Degrees*,
Throughout the giddy *Nation*.

All Parties have their *Darling Sins*,
And each peculiar *Sect*,
Has ſome innate and boſome *Crimes*,
Their very *Souls* affect.

The *Holy Tribe* for *ſordid Gain*,
New Principles advance,
Swear, *Preach and Pray*, 'gainſt *Truth and Right*,
Through *Fear* or *Ignorance*.

With *Party Noiſe* the *Pulpits* ring,
Strange *Doctrines* they avow,
Such *Doctrines Britain* never heard,
Nor never can allow.

At this *Britannia* wrung her Hands,
And thus again reply'd,
All my *Calamities* I owe,
To this ungrgteful *Tribe*.

Their

Their vile *Defection* wounds me deep,
And ſtabs my very *Soul*,
Deſtroys all *Proſpects* of Relief,
Does all my *Hopes* controul.

Ungrateful *Tribe* have I for you,
So many *Conflicts* paſt,
To be in my declining *Age*,
Scorn'd and diſpis'd at laſt.

Touch'd with a Sence of *Guilt* and *Shame*,
Look back to former times,
And try before it be too late,
To expiate your *Crimes*.

Reſent in time *Britannia*'s *Wrongs*,
And liſten to her cry,
Now ſinking underneath the weight,
Of Factious *Tyranny*.

Your *antient Courage* Reaſſume,
And piouſly combine;
To guard her from *Phanatick Rage*,
In Holy Ardours joyn.

Let

Let no *Diviſions*, no *Pretence*,
Your *Duty* circumvent,
No *Doubts* or *Fears* your thoughts
divert,
Her *Ruine* to prevent.

Juſtice and *Truth* are on your ſide,
There only wants the *Will*,
To baffle all her *Enemies*,
And to preſerve her ſtill.

'Tis you alone can eaſe her pain,
And calm this ſtubborn *Iſle*,
Defeat *Sedition* and *Revenge*,
And Faction Reconcile.

Or if you cannot quench her *Flames*,
This *Honour* you will have,
To mix her *Aſhes* with your *Tears*,
And mourn her in the *Grave*.

Britton, ſays ſhe, haſt to yon *Town*,
And this MEMORIAL bear,
Britannia cannot long ſurvive,
Without her Clergies *care*.

Shew *Them* in ſtrong and preſſing *Terms*,
Their *Danger* and their *Fate*,
And urge 'em to prevent them both,
Before they're out of *Date*.

Shew them how *Strangers* from abroad,
Will with *Imperious Sway*,
Make them and all the *Iſle* ſubmit,
And *Idol Gods* obey.

Or elſe their *Mortal Foes* at home,
Religion will *Divide*,
And parcel out the *Churches Right*,
To ev'ry canting *Tribe*.

Vaſt *ſwarms* of *Sects* will hither crawl,
And furiouſly contend,
Till COMPREHENSION ſwallows all,
And there the *Church* will *End*.

And here again ſhe wrung her hands,
Oh *Britons* can you bear!
To ſee your *Mother* in *Diſtreſs*,
And not her Anguiſh ſhare.

The *Proſpects* of approaching *Woe*,
Diſtort my labouring Breaſt,
And quite *Deſtroy* my future *Hopes*,
And all my *Thoughts* of reſt.

Nothing but diſmal *Doubts* and *Fears*,
Attend my weary Mind,
No Reſpit from ſubſtantial *Grief*,
My *tortur'd Sences* find.

Which way ſo e're I turn my Eyes,
Compendious Crimes appear,
And *Miſchiefs* of uncommon Size,
Are ſcatter'd ev'ry where.

If of the *Senate* or the *Court*,
I take a diſtant *view*,
The *Proſpects* but augment my Pain,
And bitter *Thoughts* renew.

Diſtraction, *Jealouſie* and *Pride*,
Reſentment and *Diſpair*,
And *Diſcord* urg'd by *Party Feuds*,
Are all *Triumphant* there.

The *Stateſmen* for peculiar *Ends*,
Exclaim and make a pother,
The *Old Ones* at the *New Ones Rail*,
The *New*, at *One-another*.

The *Senators Divide*, and *Vote*,
And ſtrenuouſly *Debate*,
Which *Party* ſhould be uppermoſt,
And which ſhould guide the *State*.

Whilſt all the time the *Publick Good*,
Lies fallow and undone,
And only *Party Noiſe* and *Strife*,
With *Vigour* carry'd on.

Next if to view the *Courts of Law*,
I turn my weeping Eyes,
Juſtice and *Conſcience* hide their *Heads*,
And *Right* expiring lies.

The *poor Man's Cauſe* is thrown aſide,
Neglected and *Poſtpon'd*,
Whilſt *Wealthy Knaves*, and *Perjur'd*
Are all careſt and own'd. [*Cheats*,

The *Lawyers Snarle*, and *Scold*, and *Bawl*,
And *Wrangle* for their Fee,
And yet they're all but *Slaves* to *Gold*,
And loſt to *Probity*.

Poor deſpicable *ſordid Tools*,
Who to be *Rich* and *Great*,
Toil thro' a tract of wretched Life,
In *Clamour* and *Deceit*.

Stick at no *Vice* for *paultry Gain*,
Monopolize, *Encroach*,
Trapan, *Betray*, and *Circumvent*,
At laſt to keep a *Coach*.

The lower *Tribe* of *Scribling Knaves*,
That *Pettyfogging crew*,
Without regard to *Right* or *Wrong*,
All wicked *Arts* purſue.

Inur'd to all *Degrees* of *Ill*,
And to *Corruption* bred,
To *Swear*, *Forſwear*, *Suborn*, and *Lye*,
By Powerful Int'reſt led.

Theſe *Vermin* have o're run the *Iſle*,
And now encreaſe ſo faſt,
Like *Locuſt's* they'll *Devour* all,
And ſwallow me at laſt.

How calm and happy was this *Place*,
E'er this litigious Brood,
Had their *Infectious Venom* ſpread,
In ev'ry *Neighbourhood*.

Where now by treacherous *Arts* and *Tricks*,
The *People* they *Deceive*,
Firſt *Rob* 'em of of their *Intellects*,
And then of all they have.

If next to the *Exchange* I look,
There's nothing but *Deceit*,
Fair *Dealing* has forſook the *Place*,
Where *Trade's* a *common Cheat*.

Stock Jobbing and *Monopoly*,
Are chiefly now in Vogue,
And he that will get Money, firſt,
Muſt learn to play the Rogue.

An honeſt Man has no *Pretence*,
The utmoſt he can do,
Is to ſupport his *Family*,
And that's uncertain too.

Commerce is loſt, and *Credit* ſunk,
The *Manufactures* fail,
The poor *Artificers* all ſtarve,
Or periſh in a *Jayle*.

The *Tradeſmen* walk about their *Shops*,
Like *Wretches* in *Diſpair*,
Unleſs they'll *Truſt* and be undone,
They have no *Buſineſs* there.

From *Place* to *Place* they ſtrole about,
For *Politicks* and *News*,
Big with *Enquiries* to find out,
What *Parties* gain or looſe.

And with as much *Aſſurance* prate,
And cenſure *Men* and *Things*,
As if the Power remain'd in them,
To *make* or *unmake Kings*.

Strange

Strange *Folly* this, and yet of late,
'Tis Epidemick grown,
And has infected ev'ry *Street*,
And *Corner* of the *Town*.

From *Courts* of *Record* and *Requeſt*,
Down to the *Cobler's Stall*,
In their reſpective *Stations*,
They're Politicians all.

Each *Party* has a *ſecret Aim*,
Each *Sect* a *ſep'rate View*,
Which without Sence of *Fear*, *or Shame*,
They furiouſly purſue.

This ſpeaks *Britannia*'s wretched State
Her *Danger* and her *Grief*,
And ſeems to *Repreſent* her *Caſe*,
Almoſt beyond *Relief*.

And thus ſhe daily groaning ſtands,
Beneath a weight of *Woe*,
Which not *Another* but her *Self*,
So long could undergo.

Folly and Vice keep equal pace,
And both encreaſe ſo faſt,
Unleſs that *Heaven* eſpouſe her *Cauſe*,
She muſt ſubmit at laſt.

All human *Proſpects* are but dull,
Ridiculous and Vain,
The *Froth* and mad *Effluvium*,
Of ſome diſtemper'd *Brain*.

Thus having ſpoke ſhe paus'd a while,
And round her Mantle threw,
Then in a Cloud of ambient Air,
The *Rev'rend* Form withdrew.

F I N I S.

Juſt Publiſh'd.

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